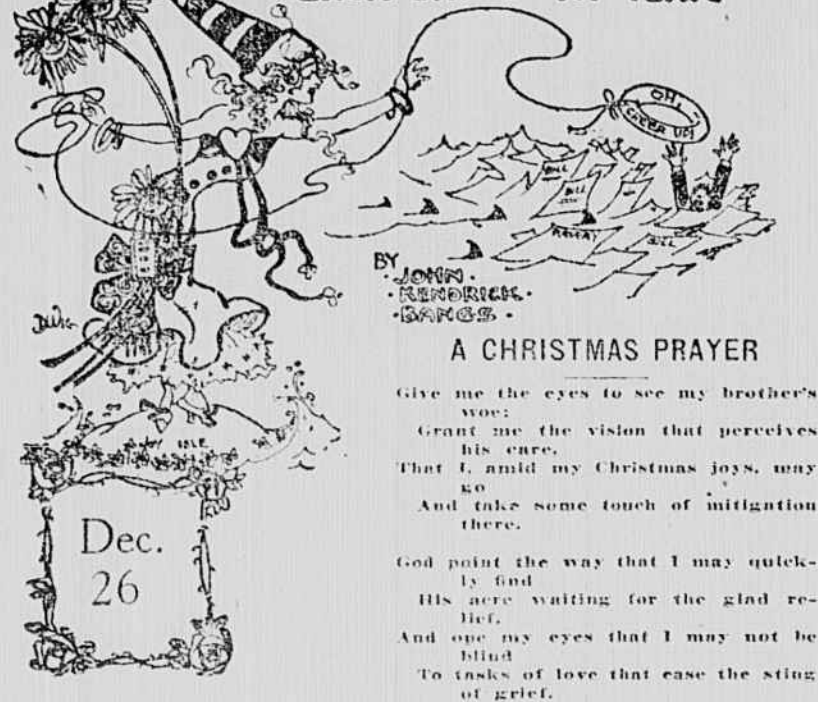


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Give me the eyes to see my brother's
Grant me the vision that perceives
That I amid my Christmas joys, may
And take some touch of mitigation
God point the way that I may quick-
ly find
His ever waiting for the glad re-
And one my eyes that I may not be
To tasks of love that ease the sting
of grief.

FADS AND FASHIONS

Charmeuse or velvet skirts are the correct thing to wear with fur coats. Velvet and broadcloth are used in the same suit, but always in the same color.

Semistress suits have jackets reaching either to the waist or a few inches below it.

White and cream hosiery are often combined on an afternoon gown with contrasting effect.

Chinese and Japanese designs are noticeable in all the printed silks intended for next year.

The costume skirt promises to continue narrow at the bottom, but the hips will be decidedly full.

Coats are sack and fitted into long, straight belts, not many short, smart, out-of-the-way coats are seen.

Shell pink continues a favorite color for young girls' dresses.

Coats of bewildering, with their dainties and curious dainties.

A new collar is the Byron—made of linen and rolling open against a fur collar on the coat or wrap.

Flat combs of old-wrought silver, set with pale blue enamel and baroque pearls, are among the prettiest.

Flowered taffetas are said to be gaining in favor, especially for draped evening gowns in dancing length.

Many women are wearing the sheath-like dresses with narrow trains, all glittering mass of sequins and bead work.

Some of the smartest afternoon dresses are of black velvet, with transparent bandages of lace or net or children, or even all three.

A pretty French idea is a domed black velvet crown, with the domes edged with skunk and the top one forming a sort of short tulle.

You simply can't have too much for young girls' dresses of the season; green, red, lavender, yellow, brown and blue are all in favor.

One of the most attractive furs this year is Patagonian fox, looking something like pointed fox, but with its white hairs very thickly sprinkled.

WOMEN WHO WIN IN TRADE

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, Lawyer.
(By Isabel Stephen.)

The career of Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, one of the best known lawyers in the country, is a most interesting one, and shows what a woman can do when she is thrown on her own resources with a sick husband and growing family on her hands.

Mrs. Mussey is the daughter of Platt R. Spencer, author of "Spencerian Penmanship," granddaughter of Caleb Spencer, who served as a private in the Revolution, and great-granddaughter of Major Moses Warren and also of Mark Dwyer. She is the widow of General R. Delvan Mussey. She was educated by private tutors and at Rockford, Ill., and at Lake Erie College, Fairville, Ohio.

She received her schooling with no idea of using her knowledge in a professional capacity, for when Mrs. Mussey graduated from college professional women were few and far between, and the women who followed a business career seemed but an experiment in the scheme of life.

"I began my married life with the responsibilities of motherhood," Mrs. Mussey said. "My husband, General Mussey, was a widower with two little children, when I became his bride. Life went on very happily for us, and it was not until after two little ones of my own were added to my treasures that my husband's health began to fail. I had had no thought of a professional career until he became so ill that it was impossible for him to go on with the work."

"But it didn't take me long to decide," she went on. "I was already a graduate in law, and had had a great deal of business education and experience, so I just made up my mind that I would take up the thread of my husband's profession where he must otherwise have left it down."

"Things were different then from what they are nowadays. It was an uncommon thing for a woman to pursue a professional course, but I was capable of the work, and so I undertook it. Thirty years ago, in the old residential district, professional men had their offices in the house in which their families lived. I had a German housekeeper, who had been with General Mussey before I married him, and it was she who helped me with the domestic end."

"I moved the general down in a room next to my office, where he lay on his couch. There were two reasons for this. First, I didn't want him to feel his inability to work more than was necessary. There, so closely associated with me, he was a partner in the business, and did not feel so keenly, as would otherwise have been the case, that life was closing for him. The other reason was that I needed him sorely. When I didn't know just what to do, I could go right into him for advice and help, and he would give me cases I would run upstairs and make buttonholes in my children's slips. There were fifteen buttonholes in each slip, for those were pinfold days, when the little garments buttoned all the way down the back."

From those days when she consulted her sick husband, who lay in an adjoining room, and asked buttonholes in little pinfolds between them, she has worked through thirty years of a successful law practice, being today a member of the bar of the highest courts in the district of Columbia, of the Court of Claims, and of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Her interest in the progress of women in the professions led her to establish in 1906 the Washington College of Law, of which she is dean—the only woman dean of a law school in the world. This college is the only one south of Philadelphia which caters to women to study law, and is growing rapidly. She has established a post-graduate course in corporation law, international law, etc., and has personally taught classes in constitutional law, law contracts, law personal property, law real property, testamentary law, equity jurisprudence and equity pleading, and law of negotiable instruments.

As chairman of the committee on legislation, District Federation women's clubs, she drafted a bill enacted for District in 1906, giving mothers the same rights as fathers in children, and married women the right to their own earnings, and spoke before the committee of Congress in advocacy of the same. The act was known as "Mussey's Act," and is now part of the District Code.

Mrs. Mussey was for some time the counsel of the American National Red Cross, and was active in the work. She established the Red Cross diet kitchen in all the camps within 250 miles of Washington, during the Spanish War, and was the assistant field officer of the Red Cross in Washington during that war. She was also on the field with the Red Cross at the time of the Galveston disaster in 1900, and was nominated by the national society to represent the United States at the Red Cross Conference in St. Petersburg, but declined the nomination.

Mrs. Mussey was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the District on October 11, 1906, a member of the board of education of the District and reappointed for the second term of three years on July 1, 1909. She was vice-president of that board, and chairman of several important committees, viz: elementary and night schools, special schools for defective children, sanitation and hygiene, and prizes and awards. She declined a third term. To her is principally due the establishment and maintenance of the special schools for the atypical child.

This describes only a part of her numerous activities since she came into public life in 1902, upon the death of her husband, General R. Delvan Mussey.

JUST TRY BORAX FOR THESE THINGS

Borax is, literally, almost as "cheap as dirt." The extraordinary variety of uses to which it can be put is astonishing. An old and faded carpet may be brightened and cleaned by being rubbed with warm water and ammonia in which a tablespoonful of borax has been dissolved. Added to the rinsing water of handkerchiefs it will give them a delightful stiffness. Cockroaches and beetles will retreat in a panic before powdered borax.

Any Kind of Cleaning.

Added to the last rinsing water it imparts a snowy whiteness to clothes. For children's teeth, a little dissolved in warm water will keep them clean and sound. A teaspoonful added to a gallon of hard water will make it beautifully soft—a boon to those with tender skins. Thrush in children can be treated by wiping out the mouth with a camel's hair brush dipped in borax water.

Applied on Lin.

Scars (not old nor large) and blemishes can be removed by a mixture of borax, one and one-half ounces; salicylic acid, twelve grains; glycerine, three drachms; rosewater, six ounces, being applied on lint for a short time daily. It removes freckles. Add to one-quarter drachm of powdered borax one ounce of lemon juice and one-half drachm of sugar. Mix this, let it

A GOOD LOOKING TOP COAT.



A MAGNIFICENT EFFECT.



White fox trims this smart little black velvet hat.

stand for three days, and then rub on the face occasionally.

For Hair Brushes.

It is the best cleaner of a hair brush. Add to a teaspoonful of borax a tablespoonful of soda in water. Dip the brush up and down in this—not touching the back of course—then rinse and dry. It is an excellent and proved preventive of "hair falling out." An ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor mixed in a quart of boiling water should be rubbed gently into the roots of the hair once a week.

On Washing Day.

When washing sateen, or any of the cotton materials with a satin finish, always rinse in borax water to get a gloss. A soothing lotion for sore eyes is one grain of borax in one ounce of camphor water. Apply with a lint pad several times daily.

Cracked lips can be quickly cured by being frequently smeared with a mixture of borax, half a drachm; gly-

cerine, one ounce; rosewater, one ounce.

A powder which will clean teeth and not hurt the enamel is made as follows: One ounce of borax, precipitated chalk, two ounces; myrrh, half an ounce; orris root, half an ounce. Gums, teeth and breath all benefit from this.

Toilette Water Recipe.

Every housewife, of course, uses it when she makes her starch. A toilet water which can be made up quite cheaply, and which prevents blackheads and greasiness, and effaces the marks or scars of burns or scratches, is as follows: One-fourth ounce of powdered borax, nineteen fluid ounces of orange-flower water, and one ounce of glycerine. Mix and shake well and apply.

Not a bad list of uses for borax, alone or in combination.

To keep a meringue from falling mix a salt-spoonful of baking powder just before putting the meringue on the pie.

Warm soda water is the best thing with which to remove dirt, etc., from old furniture which is to be refinished. Fine white felt hats, past their usefulness, can be thoroughly washed and cut into soft little moccasins for the baby.

In planning a house, the den for the wife should not be forgotten. It is quite as necessary as that for her husband.

From bars of cotton dannel or old underwear should be made with draw strings to tie securely about the broom handle.

If you hem your table napkins, it will be found a great help if the linen is hemmed at each end and washed before cutting.

A two or three pound crock of fine butter is one of the presents a farmer's wife will find very acceptable to her friends.

Pour boiling water over the raisins and let them stand a minute; then pour off and you can pinch the seeds off at each end.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Challis Randall is found dead in a road-house. His widow, accidentally meeting the girl, Hetty Castleton, who had accompanied him to the inn the night before, offers her a home. The women return from a long trip, and Leslie Randall, the dead man's brother, falls desperately in love with her. Smith, a detective, suspects Mrs. Randall of having committed the murder, but offers to drop the trail for a price. Mr. Randall, the elder, disconcerts the sleuth by a clever falsehood, but Mrs. Randall agrees to pay the man his price because he had tried to "give her a chance." Brandon, a friend of Leslie's, falls in love with the girl, who returns his love but refuses to marry him, telling him that some day he will understand why. She confesses that she had loved him, but that she had once posed, as Hetty Glynn, an actress, for another artist. She convinces Mrs. Randall that she is not a murderer, but that she is a friend of Leslie's. In the next chapter, the girl goes to England, whether Brandon is following her or not. Brandon tells her that it is rumored that Brandon and Mrs. Randall are to be married. Brandon, who is a friend of Leslie's, falls in love with the girl, who returns his love but refuses to marry him, telling him that some day he will understand why. She confesses that she had loved him, but that she had once posed, as Hetty Glynn, an actress, for another artist. She convinces Mrs. Randall that she is not a murderer, but that she is a friend of Leslie's.

spring; through all the varying stages of their growing intimacy, through the interesting days when he vainly tried to translate her matchless beauty by means of written vignettes, up to this present hour in which she was revealed, and yet not revealed, to him. Her vivid face was always before him, between his eyes and the thin white paper on which he scribbled so eagerly. Her feverish eyes were looking into his; she was reading what he wrote before it appeared on the surface of the sheet.

His letter to Hetty was a triumph of skill and diplomacy, achieved after many attempts. He found it hard not to say too much, and quite as difficult not to say too little. He spent hours over this all-important missive. At last it was finished. He read and reread it, searching for the slightest flaw, a fatal word or suggestion that might create in her mind the slightest doubt as to his sincerity. She was sure to read this letter a great many times, and always with the view to finding something between the lines, such as pity, resignation, an enforced conception of loyalty, or even faith. He meant that she should find nothing there, but he was full of tenderness, full of hope, full of promise. He was coming to her with a steadfast, enduring love in his heart; he wanted her now more than ever before.

"No, it is the test. She will know that I have told you everything. You will go to her. When she may understand. If she forgives me, she will come back. There is nothing else to say, nothing else to consider."

"I shall go to her at once," he said resolutely.

She gave him a quick, searching glance.

"She may refuse to marry you, even now, Brandon."

"She can't!" he cried. "An instant later his face fell. "By Jove, I—I suppose the law will have to be considered now. She will at least have to go through the form of a trial."

She whirled on him angrily. "The law? What has the law to do with it? Don't be a fool!"

"I shall go to her legally exonerated," he said.

Her fingers gripped his arm fiercely. "I want you to understand one thing, Brandon. The story I have told you was for your ears alone. The secret lives with us and dies with us."

He looked his relief. "Right! It must go no farther. It is not a matter for the law to decide. You may trust me."

"I am cold," she said. He heard her teeth chatter distinctly as she pulled the thin mantle closer about her throat and shoulders. "It is very rare and wet down here. Come."

As she started off along the long, narrow pier, he sprang after her, grasping her arm. She glanced rather heavily against him for a few steps, and then drew herself up. Her teeth still chattered, her arm trembled in his grasp.

"By Jove, Sara, this is bad," he cried, in distress. "You're chilled to the marrow."

"Nerves," she retorted, and he somehow felt that her lips were set and drawn.

"You must get to bed right away. Hot bath, mustard, and all that. I'll not stop at dinner. Thanks just the same. I will be over in the morning."

"When will you call?" she asked, after a moment.

"I can't go for ten days, at least. My mother's sick, and I'm in the hospital next week for an operation, as I've told you. I can't leave until after that's over. Nothing serious, but—well, I can't go away. I shall write to Hetty tonight, and cable her tomorrow. In the way, I—I don't know just where to find her. You see, we were not to write to each other. It was in the bargain. I suppose you don't know how I can."

"Yes, I can tell you precisely where she is. She is in Venice, but leaves there tomorrow for Rome, by the express."

"Then you have been hearing from her?" he cried sharply.

"Not directly. But I will say this much: There has not been a day since she landed in England that I have not received news of her. I have not been out of touch with her, Brandon, not even for an hour."

"Good heavens, Sara! You don't mean to say you've had her shadowed by—by detectives?" he exclaimed, against.

"Her maid is a very faithful servant," was her ambiguous rejoinder.

Sheep did not come to him until after 3 o'clock. At two he got up and deliberately added a postscript to the letter he had written. It was in the nature of a business letter, for Sara Randall, even as he penned the lines, he shuddered at the thought of what she had planned to do to Hetty Castleton. She had had at the black wings, and now she was still in his hand, he allowed his thoughts to dwell so intimately on the subject of his well-meant postscript that her ashen face with its burning eyes seemed to take shape in the night beyond. It was a long time before he could get rid of the illusion. Afterwards he tried to console himself by the thought that the likeness of the other woman, who found that he could not recall a single feature in the face of the girl he loved.

When he reached Southwick in the morning, he found that nearly all of the doors and windows were boarded up. Windows were standing in the stable yard, laden with trunks and crates. Servants without lives were scurrying about the halls. There was an air of finality about their movements. The place was being deserted. "Yes, sir," said Watson, in reply to his question, "we are in a rush. Mrs. Randall expects to close the house this evening, sir. We all go up this afternoon. I suppose you know, sir, we have taken a new apartment in town."

"No!" exclaimed Booth.

"Yes, sir, we have, sir. They've been decorating it for the past two weeks. It's like a new place, sir. I don't care much for it, either. She's taken one of them expensive ones looking out on the park, sir. You know we used to look out over Madison Avenue, sir, and God knows it wasn't humping. Yes, sir, we go up this afternoon. Mrs. Randall will be down in a second, thank you, sir."

Booth actually was startled by her appearance when she entered the room a few minutes later. She looked positively ill.

"My dear Sara!" he cried anxiously. "This is too bad. You are making yourself ill. Come, come, this won't do."

"I shall be all right in a day or two," she said, with a weary little smile. "I have been nervous. The strain was too great, Brandon. This is the reaction, the relaxation you might say."

"Your hand is hot, your eyes are feverish. You'd better see your doctor as soon as you get to town. An ounce of prevention, you know?"

"Well," she said, with a searching look into his eyes, "have you written to her?"

"Yes. Posted it at 7 o'clock this morning."

"I trust you did not go so far as to—well, to volunteer a word in my behalf. You were not to do that, you know."

He looked uncomfortable. "I'm afraid I did take your name in vain," he equivocated. "You are a wonderful woman Sara," he went on, moved to the remark by the curious influence that he could not have explained any more than he could have accounted for the sudden rush of emotion that took possession of him.

She ignored the tribute. "You will persuade her to come to New York with you?"

"For your sake, Sara, if she won't come for mine."

"She knows the cage is open," was her way of dismissing the subject, and a glad you came over. I have a letter from Leslie. It came this morning. You may be interested in what he has to say of Hetty—and of yourself." She smiled faintly. "He is determined that you shall not be without a friend while he is alive."

"Isn't such a rotter, Sara. He's spoiled, but he is hardly to be blamed for that."

"I will read his letter to you," she said, and there was no little significance in the way she put it. She held the letter in her hand, but he had failed to notice it before. Now he saw that it was a crumpled ball of paper. He was obliged to wait for a minute or two while she restored it to a readable condition. "It was in London when this was written," she explained, turning to the window for light. She glanced swiftly over the first page until she found the place where she meant to begin. "I suppose Hetty Castleton has written that we met in Lucerne two weeks ago?" she read. "Curious coincidence in connection with it, too. I was with her father, Colonel Braid Castleton, when we came upon her most unexpectedly. I ran across him in Paris just before the aviation meet, and got to know him rather well."

CHAPTER XXII.
Disturbing News.

He walked home swiftly through the early night, his brain seething with tumultuous thoughts. The revelations of the day were staggering. The whole universe seemed to have turned topsy-turvy since that devastating hour at Barton's Inn. Somehow he was not able to confine his thoughts to Hetty Castleton alone. She seemed to sink into the background, despite the absorption he had been so ready, so eager to grant her on hearing the story from Sara's lips. Not that his resolve to search her out and chain her in spite of everything was likely to weaken, but that the absorbing figure of Sara Randall stood out most clearly in his reflections.

What an amazing creature she was! He could not drive her out of his thoughts, even when he tried to concentrate them on the one person who was dearest to him of all in all the world, his warm-hearted, adorable Hetty. Strange contrasts suggested themselves to him as he strode along, head bent and shoulders hunched. He could not help contrasting the two women. He loved Hetty; he would always love her; of that he was positive. She was Sara's superior in every respect, infinitely so, he argued. And yet there was something in Sara that could crowd this adored one, this perfect one out of his thoughts for the time being. He found it difficult to concentrate his thoughts on Hetty Castleton.

How white and ill Sara had looked when she said good-night to him at the door! The memory of her dark, mysterious eyes, and yet there he could see them in the night about him. They had been full of pain; there were torrents of tears behind them. They had glinted as if burned by the fires of fever.

Even as he wrote his long, triumphant letter to Hetty Castleton, the picture of Sara Randall, encroached upon his mental vision. He could not drive it out. He thought of her as she had appeared to him early in the

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Xaver lives in Xeres.
Down in Honduras, where
Folk like to sleep in hammocks
Out in the open air.
He has his daddy's paddle
From the dug-out canoe.
It's lots of fun to make-believe,
And safer that way, too!

Elizabeth Kirkman

MENU

Breakfast.	Cereal
Oranges	Ham Omelet
Buttered Toast	Coffee
Luncheon.	Baked Potatoes
Cold Turkey	Currant Bread
Stewed Celery	Chocolate
Dinner.	
Spit Pea Soup	Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce
Salsify Calves	Asparagus
Romaine Salad	
Lemon Pie	Coffee

A coat suit made of russet brown velvet. It is trimmed with Asher fur, and has a collar of yellow suede.